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ACTION AND ADVENTURE, THE FURRY WAY!
FURRLOUGH

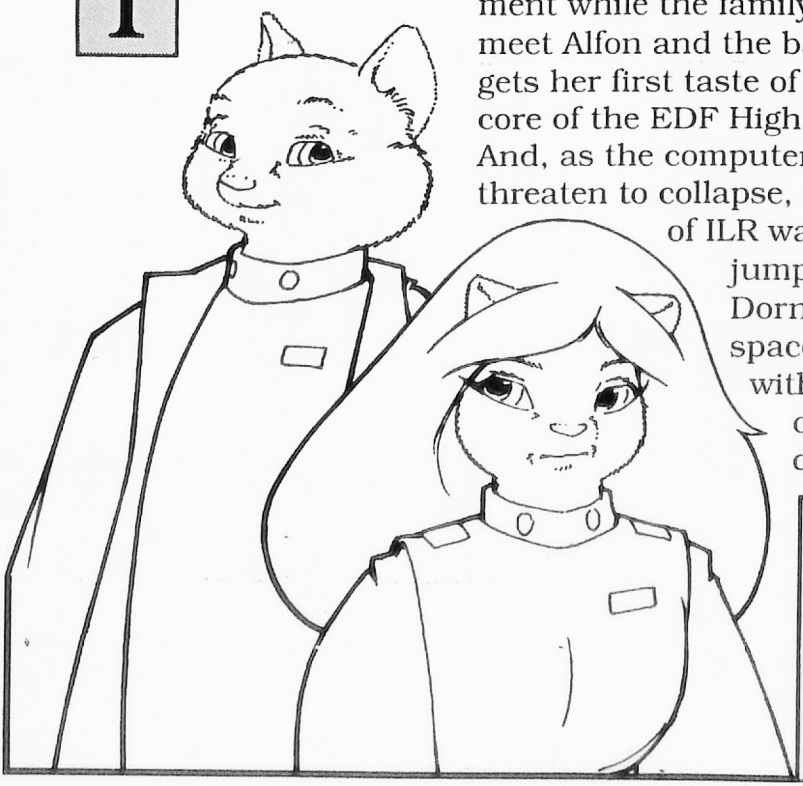
The Antarctic Press • Releases for March 1993

ALBEDO ANTHROPORMORPHICS

NUMBER 8

Written and Illustrated by Steve Gallacci

In this issue, Erma comes home to her new assignment while the family gets to meet Alfon and the baby. Erma gets her first taste of the rotten core of the EDF High Command! And, as the computer networks threaten to collapse, an armada of ILR war ships jump into Dornthantii space bristling with weapons of electric death!



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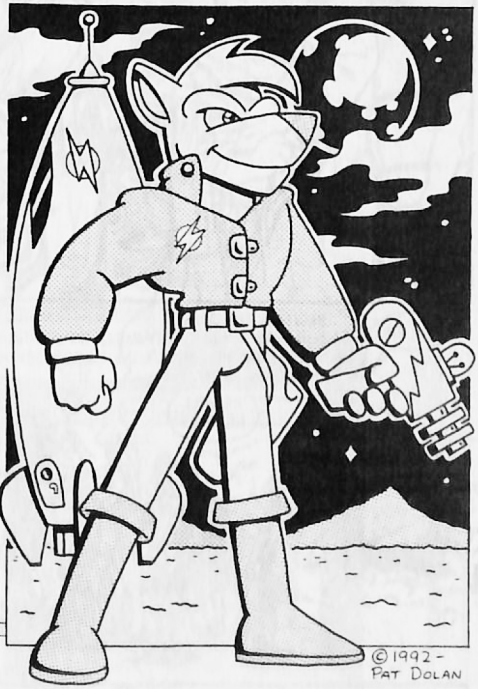
FURRLOUGH

NUMBER 6, JAN 1993



Lawdy me, issue 6 already! The most noticable thing about the book this time is **A)** Chocked full-O-story; no room for ads or letters **B)** Fresh new faces **C)** No stories by Boris Yeltsin (Mr. "Deadlines-don't-apply-to-me" Hmph!)

Our new titles are shaping up quite nicely thank you, with **"Wild Life"** being out next month and **"Shanda the Panda"** has come to the **Antarctic Press** and looks hot! Matter-O-fact, **Mike Curtis** sent me copies of the breakdowns for issue #47 today! Also up next July is the first Furrlough Swimsuit Special,**"Hit the Beach!"** Chew on that, fanboys!

Shon

In this Issue...

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Todd Sutherland, Charles Davies 21

Cover by Stephan Peregrine

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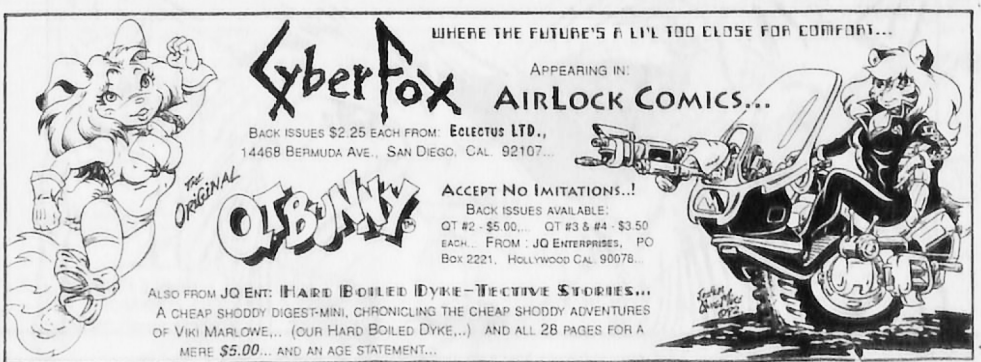
Associate Editors *Raymond Elliott & Matt High*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COMMANDER... I WAS WONDERING WHAT OUR PLANS ARE. SHOULD THIS FARM'S MASTER NOT WANT TO GIVE US WHAT WE —
IT WON'T COME TO THAT.
WE HAVE NEED OF SUPPLIES, AND I HAVE NO DOUBT WE CAN CONVINCE HIM HIS COOPERATION WOULD BE — BENEFICIAL. EVEN THAT IDIOT SLAVE COULD TELL THAT.
YES, SIR.
BESIDES, THE SLAVE SAID HE WAS A MILITARY MAN. HE MUST KNOW THE DANGER THIS REGION IS IN.
HE WILL HELP US.
THEY APPROACH, FATHER.
FATHER?
HUSH, GNAEUS.
I THINK I KNOW THIS COMMANDER.

VIRI MAGNI MOMENTI

STORY ◇ AND ◇ ART ◇ BY ◇ JOE ◇ ROSALES

DO MY EYES DECEIVE...?
SALVE, GALLUS TARSUS! YOU'RE THIS PLACE'S PROPRIETOR?
I AM, GENERAL ACILIUS.
GREETINGS TO YOU, AND WELCOME TO MY COUNTRY VILLA.
THIS IS A SURPRISE— AND FORTUNATE.
FOR US ALSO.
GENERAL, MY ELDER SON.
HONORED TO MEET YOU, SIR.
YOU DO YOUR FATHER CREDIT, GALLUS MINOR.
HE'LL SEE TO YOUR MEN. COME—WE'LL MOVE TO THE TABLINUM. WE HAVE MUCH TO TALK ABOUT.
COUNTRY LIFE AGREES WITH YOU, PRIMUS GALLUS.
HEH! JUST GALLUS, NOW.
I WAS GIVEN THIS LAND AFTER JUNIUS' GALLIC CAMPAIGN.
WHEN I HUNG UP MY SHIELD, IT SEEMED A FINE PLACE TO TAKE UP FARMING AGAIN.
DON'T LET THIS TALK OF PLOWS FOOL YOU, CABRIUS. THIS FARMER'S BEEN IN MORE CAMPAIGNS THAN MOST GENERALS.

"I REMEMBER LISTENING TO HIS RECORD ON THE SENATE FLOOR, WHEN HE WAS RECOMMENDED FOR PRIMUS OF THE SIXTH LEGION. THAT'S HOW WE FIRST MET.
"HIS ACCOUNTS OF BATTLES IN AFRICA WERE MOST INTERESTING."
AH, THAT WAS YEARS AGO.
BESIDES, OUR ARMIES HAD PLENTY OF CASH AND SUPPLIES, AND A NATION TO FIGHT FOR— NOT LIKE TODAY, EH?
COMMANDER—
QUIET, CABRIUS!
I'M SURE OUR HOST HAS SOME POINT TO HIS REMARK...?
IF I HIT A NERVE... WELL, FORGIVE AN OLD SOLDIER'S BLUNTNESS.
YOUR ARRIVAL HERE WAS QUITE A SURPRISE. WITH TROOPS, EVEN MORE. I WAS SURE THERE WERE NO REAL STANDING FORCES IN THE REGION, LET ALONE ANYONE TO COMMAND THEM.
BUT THE MEN YOU BROUGHT HERE ARE HARDLY VETERANS, AND I'VE HEARD NOTHING ABOUT TROOPS FROM ROME OR ANY NEARBY MERCENARY ARMIES.
MY GUESS WOULD BE YOU'VE BEEN RAISING THEM ALONG THE WAY, AND PAYING THEM FROM YOUR OWN COFFERS, OR FROM THE PRAETOR'S. MAKING A SHOW OF FORCE, KEEPING ORDER LONG ENOUGH TO COLLECT TAXES AND RAISE A REAL ARMY.
ASTUTE AS ALWAYS, GALLUS. ANY OTHER "GUESSES"?

ONLY THAT YOU'RE SHORT OF HOUFS, SINCE YOUR ESCORT WASN'T RIDING. AND SUPPLIES, SINCE YOU'RE HERE.
AGAIN, EXCUSE MY BLUNTNESS BUT WE HAVE LITTLE TIME LEFT FOR PLEASANTRIES.
WHY? WHAT'S HAPPENED?
FIRST, YOUR WORD. I'VE GUESSED RIGHTLY? YOU NEED MY HELP?
COMMANDER—
QUIET, CABRIUS.
YES, GALLUS. ALL IS AS YOU SAID.
WE HAVE MEN AND WEAPONS, BUT NEED HOUFS AND SUPPLIES.
THIS IS A LARGE FARM, AND WE NEED A SUPPLY BASE. AS YOU SEEM TO KNOW, WE MUST MOVE QUICKLY.
AND FORAGING WOULD ONLY SLOW YOU DOWN.
THAT'S RIGHT.
I'VE BEEN A POOR HOST.
ACILIUS, CABRIUS— PLEASE, FOLLOW ME.
IT'S A STRONG COMMANDER WHO CAN ADMIT HE NEEDS HELP.
SO I'VE HEARD.
YOU COULD'VE JUST TAKEN OVER THIS PLACE. MOST SOLDIERS WOULD'VE.

YES, THEY WOULD'VE. AND NOW I HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS.
I THINK I CAN GUESS. SEQUANIUS, GET ME A LANTERN.
THE FORT AT SELOMIUM IS NOW UNDER SEIGE. LAST WE HEARD, THE BENDUNOTHS WERE TAKING HEAVY CASUALTIES. THEY WERE THREE THOUSAND STRONG AT LEAST, BEST GUESS.
THAT WAS NINTEEN DAYS AGO.
NOW NONE OF MY MEN CAN GET NEAR THE AREA. WE WERE FORTIFYING THE VILLA WHEN YOU ARRIVED, PREPARING FOR THE WORST.
NOW YOU'RE HERE, WITH TROOPS.
I'LL HELP YOU. YOU'RE WELCOME TO WHATEVER YOU NEED.

ALL... ALL OF THIS...?
AND HOUFS. AS I SAID, IT'S BEEN GOOD FARMING.
JUST ONE MORE THING, GENERAL.
YOUR MEN ARE THE ONLY THING BETWEEN MY LAND, MY FAMILY AND THOSE NORTHERN BUTCHERS.
I'D LIKE TO HELP MORE DIRECTLY.
...SO YOU'RE PROBABLY HEADING TO SELOMIUM? I HEARD THERE'S TROUBLE THERE — BENDUNOTHS, MY FATHER SAID.
AH, IT'S PROBABLY NOTHING — OR NOTHING WE CAN'T HANDLE!
HEY!
I THINK WE'RE JUST SUPPOSED TO REINFORCE THE REGULAR TROOPS 'TIL WINTER, AS A PRECAUTION.
YEAH, JUST ROUTINE WITH A LOT OF MARCHING IN BETWEEN.
STOP THAT! WHAT DO YOU WANT?
NUDGE NUDGE
IT STILL SOUNDS EXCITING! I'D GO, BUT I WON'T BE ELIGIBLE FOR DILECTUS 'TIL NEXT YEAR.
I DON'T THINK MARCHING'S AS INTERESTING AS YOU THINK...
SNIF SNIF
DO YOU SMELL BREAD?
GNAEUS!
I JUST FINISHED MAKING SOME FRESH BREAD. WOULD YOU ALL LIKE SOME?
AHEM... MY SISTER, GALLIA.

AN OASIS OF BEAUTY IN THIS WILD LAND. I'M CALLED LEPIDUS, OH FAIR ONE.
WE... DON'T GET MANY VISITORS.
THAT BREAD SMELLS WONDERFUL.
GALLIA, I THOUGHT—
FALL IN, SOLDIERS!
DAMN!
DAMN!
DAMN!
HA!
DAMN!
I'LL HAVE YOUR HOUF BROUGHT AROUND, SIR.
THANK YOU, MINOR.
BEST TO SADDLE MINE ALSO, SON.
FATHER?
WE'LL ALSO NEED THE WAGONS.
THEY'RE BEING LOADED NOW.
GNAEUS, I'VE TAUGHT YOU THE MOST ABOUT RUNNING THE FARM. YOU'RE IN CHARGE WHILE I'M GONE.
I HAVE FAITH IN YOU, SON. TAKE CARE OF YOUR BROTHER AND SISTER.
Y-YES, FATHER.
GOODBYE AGAIN, PAPA.
BE STRONG WHILE I'M GONE, SWEET ONE. STRONG LIKE YOUR MOTHER.
COME BACK TO US.
I WILL, SWEET. BUT I HAVE TO TAKE UP THE SHIELD ONE MORE TIME.

"ONE MORE TIME, FOR ALL OF US."
WE CAN SEE THE FORT JUST OVER THIS RISE.
EIGHT DAYS LATER
I DON'T LIKE THIS AT ALL, SIR.
THIS ISN'T RIGHT. WE HAVEN'T SEEN ANYONE FOR DAYS.
I CONCUR.
CABRIUS, FALL BACK & GET EVERY-ONE OFF THE ROAD.
WE CAN CUT INTO THE WOODS... SON, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
CASSIUS?
CASSIUS! WHAT DO YOU SEE?
THE CROWS...
WHAT? CASSIUS, STOP!!
THE CROWS!
THE CROWS ARE HERE!
HYAH!
DAMN FOOL!
MARSPATER! IS THAT...?
OFF THAT HOUF, SOLDIER! NOW!
IT'S TRUE! IT'S TRUE! ALL PATHS...
WHAT? "ALL PATHS LEAD TO DESTINY?"
NO! NO, I CHANGED IT. WHAT I SAW...

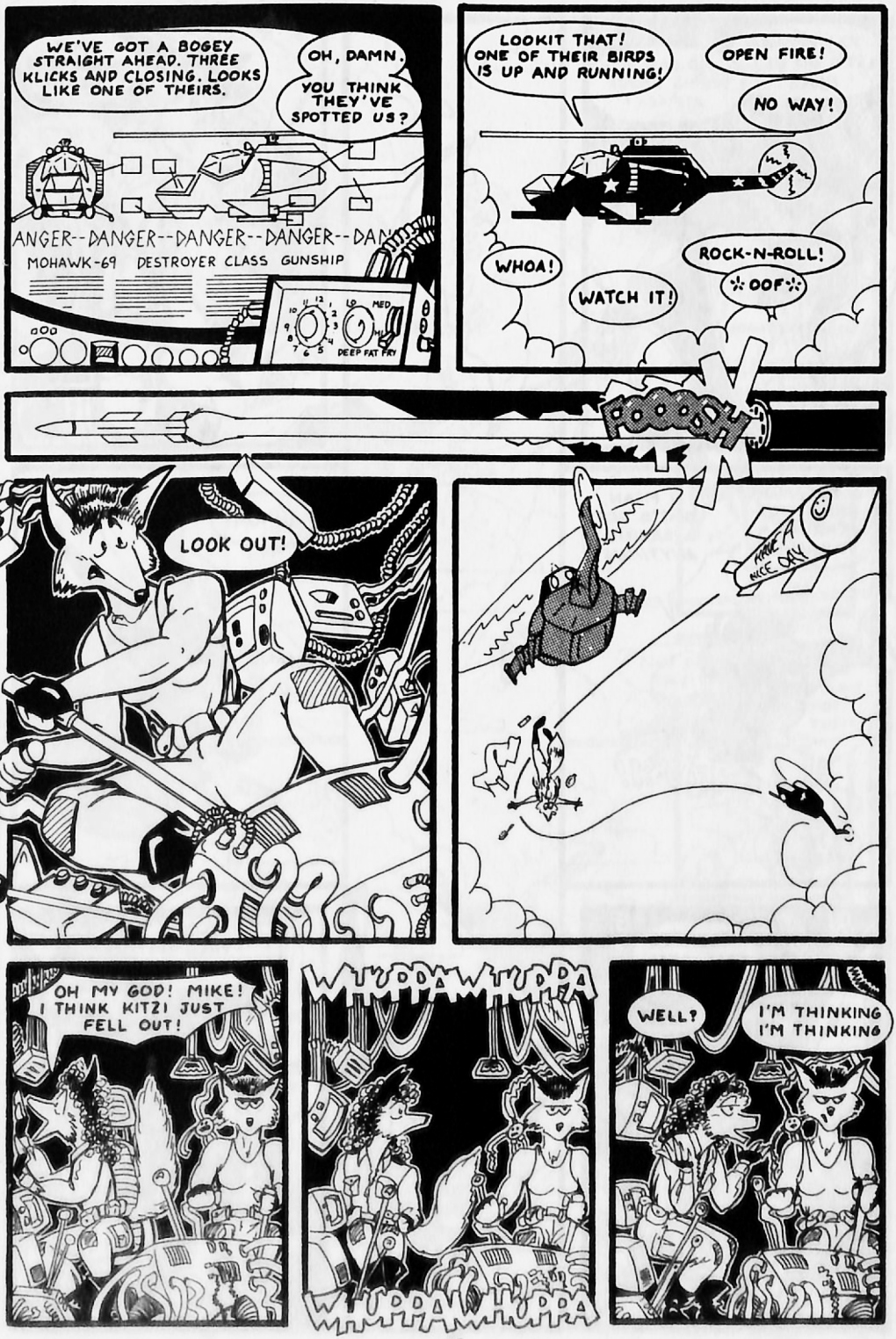
ALL PATHS...
ALL PATHS LEAD TO DEATH.
CONTINVED

GAWD!
ALL THE PLUGS ARE FULL - HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO BLOW-DRY MY HAIR?

SNAP!
MISHKA!
PETE!
FIRE IT UP!
HAIRLIFT
STORY & PENCILS: TOIVO ROVAINEN INKS: JAMES ERNEST LETTERS: CAROL MONAHAN

KITZI?
KITZI, WHAT'S -
COME ON, GUYS, LET'S GET MOVING!
WHAT'S THE BIG RUSH?
BEATS ME.
MUST BE IMPORTANT.
SPUTTA SPUTTA SPUTTA SPUT POCK!
WHUPPA
SPUTTA SPUTTA POCKITY POCKY POCKY
THUPPA
POCKY POCKITY POCKY POCKITY POCKY
WHUPPA THUPPA WHUPPA

OKAY, WHAT'S THE EMERGENCY, DUDE ?
KITZI ?
KITZI ?
BIG GUN
BREAK GLASS
POINTLESS MAYHEM
WHERE THE HELL DID SHE GO?
UP HERE, GUYS !
OH, YOU'VE GOTTA BE KIDDING ME.
WHAT IS IT ?
UM... SHE'S DRYING HER HAIR.
WHAT THE FUCK?! YOU DRAGGED US ALL THE WAY UP HERE TO DRY YOUR HAIR ?!
WELL, YEAH.
THANKS!
OH, I DON'T BELIEVE THIS.
YOU'RE SURPRISED?
NO, LOOK AT THIS.

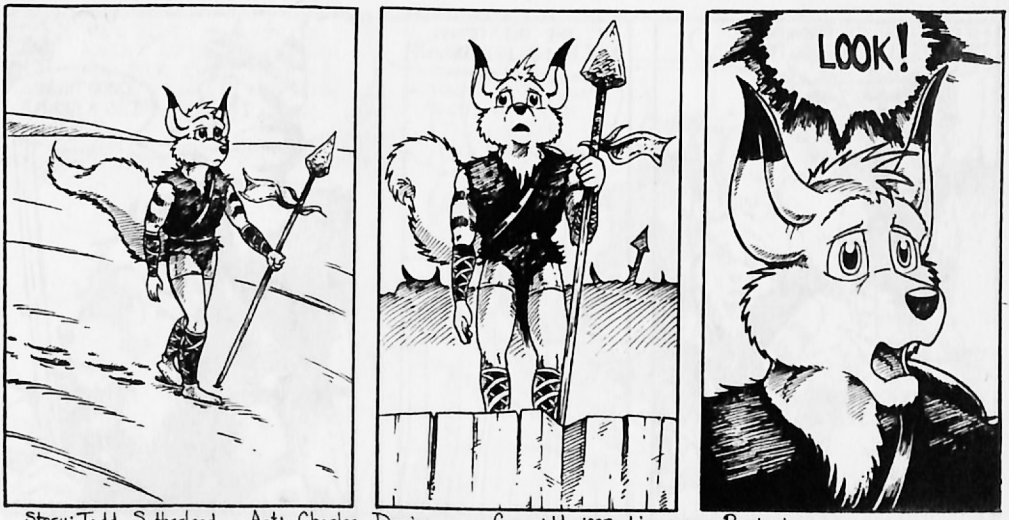

WE'VE GOT A BOGEY STRAIGHT AHEAD. THREE KLICKS AND CLOSING. LOOKS LIKE ONE OF THEIRS.
OH, DAMN.
YOU THINK THEY'VE SPOTTED US?
ANGER--DANGER--DANGER--DANGER--DAN
MOHAWK-69 DESTROYER CLASS GUNSHIP
DEEP FAT FRY
LOOKIT THAT! ONE OF THEIR BIRDS IS UP AND RUNNING!
OPEN FIRE!
NO WAY!
WHOA!
WATCH IT!
ROCK-N-ROLL!
OOF
POOOOH
LOOK OUT!
OH MY GOD! MIKE! I THINK KITZI JUST FELL OUT!
WHUPPA WHUPPA
WHUPPA WHUPPA
WELL?
I'M THINKING I'M THINKING

THINKING?! LET'S GO GET HER!
NO CAN DO - WE'RE UNDER ATTACK!
DOOD, CHECK YOUR HEAD!
THAT'S THE FYREBIRDS!
JESUS, MIKE! SHE'S NOT WEARING A PARACHUTE -
I MEAN, SHE'S NOT WEARING ANYTHING!
FOOSH!
I KNOW. IT'LL BE ALRIGHT.
WHOA!
EVASIVE ACTION!
BLONDES FALL REAL SLOW.
THE FYREBIRDS? YOU'RE SURE?
YEAH - THERE'S ONE OF THEM NOW.

AIEEE! DAVE! DO SOMETHING!
AIEEE! DO SOMETHING ELSE!
NICE MOVE, DAVE.
HEY, I'M NOT THE ONE WHO SHOT THEM!
FRACAS FRACAS
FRACAS
P'TING
FOOSH
FOOSH
FOOSH
TAWK TAWK TAWK
P'TANG
FRACAS FRACAS
FOOSH FOOSH
WHOA! WHAT'RE THEY DOING?
BEING DICKHEADS.
WHOA! WHAT'RE WE DOING?
WORK WITH ME.

K'BOOM!
I GOT HIM!
GREAT, KID. DON'T GET COCKY.
AARGH!
YOU IDIOT!
WE NEED BIGGER GUNS!
YIPE!
YIPE!
YIPE!
YIPE!
JOYRIDING CREEPS
TRIGGERHAPPY MORONS
JEEZ, DUKE, I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU DRAGGED US ALL THE WAY UP HERE JUST TO DRY YOUR HAIR!
HEY, GET THIS- I ALMOST FELL OUT!
MIKE?
YEAH?
LET'S GO GET KITZI.
OH YEAH.

GOTCHA!
THANKS!
BZZT!
HEY! I THINK ONE OF THOSE GUYS WAS DAVE!
UH, YEAH, WHATEVER. GET DRESSED.
SHE ALRIGHT?
WELL, NOTHING NEW IS BROKEN.
GUYS! MY HAIR LOOKS FABULOUS! PETRA, YOU'VE GOTTA TRY THIS!
KITZ!, DO THE WORDS "STUPID IDEA" MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?
SURE DO.
...WHY, DID YOU HAVE ONE?
NEVER MIND.
GUYS! ALL THE PLUGS ARE FULL!



Story: Todd Sutherland Art: Charles Davies Copyright 1992 L'amazing Productions

THE LAST STEP : POSTGLACIES

Inspired In Part By The Poem "DAVID" By Earle Birney

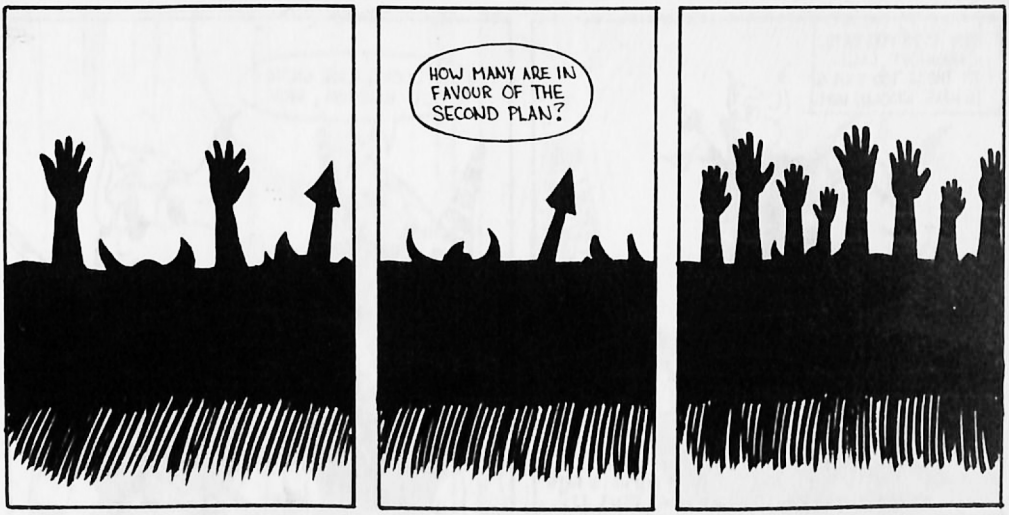
MY GOD, ERIK. IT'S MAGNIFICENT. IT'S JUST LIKE FERGIN PROMISED.
YEAH, ONCE WE GET DOWN THERE, THE JOURNEY'S OVER. AT LEAST AS LONG AS THERE ARE BISON TO HUNT.
BUT THE QUESTION IS, HOW DO WE GET DOWN?
OVER THERE. IT'S A GENTLE SLOPE.
BUT IT'S SO FAR OFF, HILL. IT'S MORE THAN A DAY'S WALK FROM HERE.
AFTER A LIFETIME OF WALKING, YOU WON'T WALK ONE MORE DAY?
DOESN'T YOUR BELLY TELL YOU WHY WE CAN'T WAIT, HILL?
IT'S A DAY THERE AND A DAY BACK. AND WHO KNOWS IF THE BISON WILL BE HERE WHEN WE RETURN!

SHE'S RIGHT, YOU KNOW. WE HAVEN'T EATEN--REALLY EATEN--IN OVER A WEEK. TWO DAYS COULD MEAN LIFE AND DEATH FOR THE OLD, THE YOUNG.
ALRIGHT, LET'S BE SERIOUS HERE. ALL JOKING ASIDE, RIGHT? THAT'S GOT TO BE A TWO HUNDRED PACE DROP.
AND THIS IS AN ICE FACE, NOT ROCK. I DIDN'T SPEND MY WHOLE LIFE GETTING HERE JUST TO FALL OFF A CLIFF.
IT'S FASTER THAN STARVING TO DEATH.
KELLI'S RIGHT, HILL. WILL WE EVEN HAVE THE STRENGTH TO HUNT IN TWO DAYS? PROVIDE THE....
SHRIEK!
WHAT WAS TH....
LEXIS FELL IN A CREVICE! ERIK!
LEXIS. MY BROTHER'S BOY. I SWORE I'D PROTECT HIM.
GOD, PLEASE, NO.

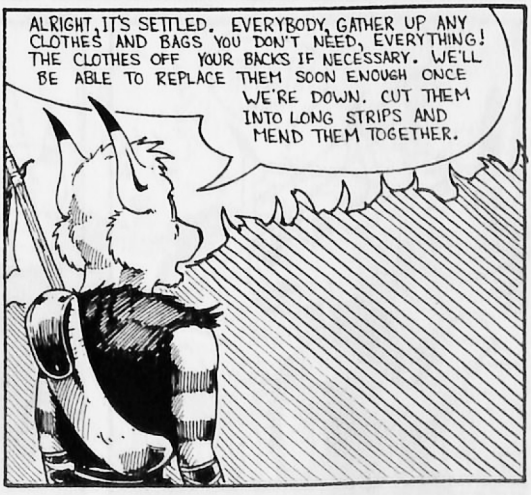
HE'S DOWN THERE. HE FELL RIGHT DOWN TH...
LEXIS! ARE YOU ALRIGHT? LEXIS CAN YOU HEAR ME?
I'M ALRIGHT! HOW AM I GONNA GET OUT?
SIT TIGHT, I'M COMING TO GET YOU.
GET ME SOME ROPE, SOMEBODY!
IT'S OKAY.
A FINE THING, LEXIS, GOING TO JOIN YOUR FATHER AT YOUR AGE. AND WHAT WOULD I SAY TO HIM WHEN MY TIME COMES?
OKAY, START HAULING THEM UP.
THAT'S IT.... OH, THAT'S IT!!

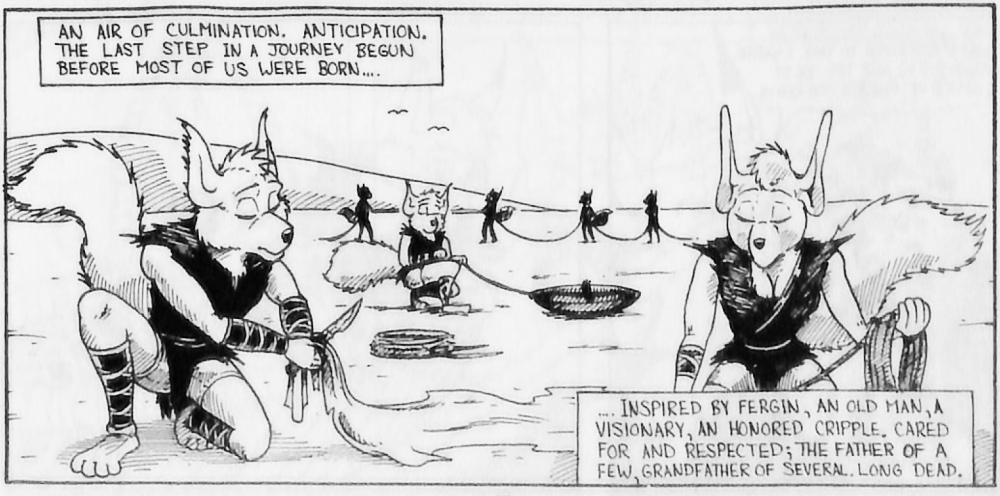
LORNE, HOW MUCH ROPE DO WE HAVE?
WHAT? UH, UM--BU--I DON'T KNOW; EIGHTY OR NINETY PACES MAYBE. A HUNDRED. I'M NOT SURE TO THE PACE. WHY?
BUT DON'T YOU SEE? WITH ENOUGH ROPE, WE DON'T NEED TO CLIMB DOWN! A FEW OF US COULD LOWER THE OTHERS DOWN! WE'LL FASHION A BASKET AND....
BUT THERE'S NOT ENOUGH ROPE!
WE'LL MAKE SOME! CUT UP OLD CLOTHES.
A TWO HUNDRED PACE ROPE? WHO'D CHANCE IT?
IT DOESN'T NEED TO BE THAT LONG, I'M SURE! C'MON...
THERE. YOU SEE? THERE'S ANOTHER SHELF ABOUT HALF-WAY DOWN. IT'LL HOLD EIGHT OR NINE PEOPLE AT ONCE! SO WHAT WE DO IS LOWER A FEW MEN DOWN FIRST, AND THEY'LL BECOME A SECOND CREW! WE'LL FERRY EVERYONE DOWN IN TWO STEPS! THE WHOLE THING SHOULDN'T EVEN TAKE A QUARTER OF A DAY!
IT'S TOO DANGEROUS! WHEN RIGHT OVER THERE IS A RAMP RIGHT DOWN TO THE PLAIN. AND EVEN IF WE ALL GET LOWERED DOWN SAFELY, WHAT ABOUT THE ONES AT THE TOP WHO HAVE TO CLIMB DOWN?
AND AS THE STRONGEST CLIMBER AMONG US, I CAN TELL YOU, I'M NOT LOOKING FORWARD TO IT!
ARE YOU AFRAID, HILL?

IT'S A STUPID PLAN. WITH THAT FLOW JUST ONE DAY AWAY.
WELL, LET'S PUT IT TO A VOTE, HILL.
FINE.
WE HAVE TWO PLANS, EVERYONE, AND THEY BOTH ENTAIL CERTAIN RISKS, SO WE'D LIKE TO PUT IT TO A VOTE. FIRST OF ALL, WE HAVE A HERD OF BISON JUST BELOW US...
THE FIRST PLAN IS TO HEAD TO THE SHALLOW SLOPE A DAY'S WALK TO THE WEST AND THEN BACK. THE SECOND IS FOR FIVE OR SIX OF US TO LOWER THE OTHER FORTY DOWN THE ICE FACE BY ROPE.
HOW MANY ARE IN FAVOUR OF THE FIRST PLAN, THE TWO-DAY TREK?


HOW MANY ARE IN FAVOUR OF THE SECOND PLAN?

HILL?
ALRIGHT.


ALRIGHT, IT'S SETTLED. EVERYBODY, GATHER UP ANY CLOTHES AND BAGS YOU DON'T NEED, EVERYTHING! THE CLOTHES OFF YOUR BACKS IF NECESSARY. WE'LL BE ABLE TO REPLACE THEM SOON ENOUGH ONCE WE'RE DOWN. CUT THEM INTO LONG STRIPS AND MEND THEM TOGETHER.


AN AIR OF CULMINATION. ANTICIPATION. THE LAST STEP IN A JOURNEY BEGUN BEFORE MOST OF US WERE BORN....
.... INSPIRED BY FERGIN, AN OLD MAN, A VISIONARY, AN HONORED CRIPPLE, CARED FOR AND RESPECTED; THE FATHER OF A FEW, GRANDFATHER OF SEVERAL. LONG DEAD.

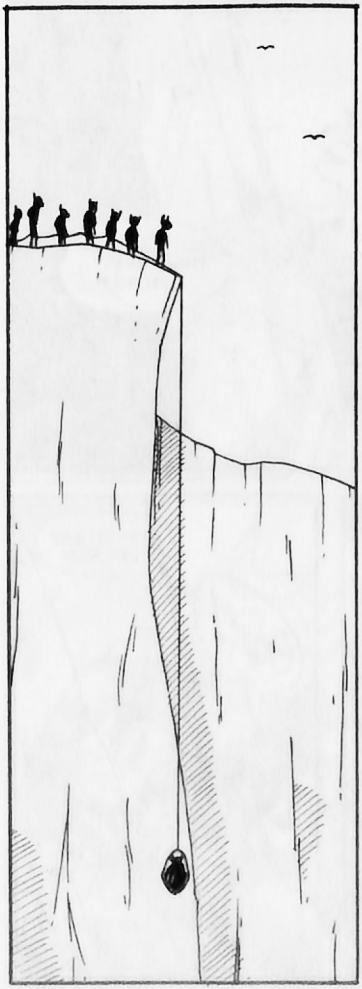
BUT REMEMBERED. CANONIZED, EVEN, BY THOSE TOO YOUNG TO HAVE KNOWN HIM.
LIKE ME. I CARRY ON HIS MISSION BECAUSE HE CAN'T. BUT THEN, IT'S THE PROPHETS FATE NEVER TO SEE THE PROMISED LAND, ISN'T IT?

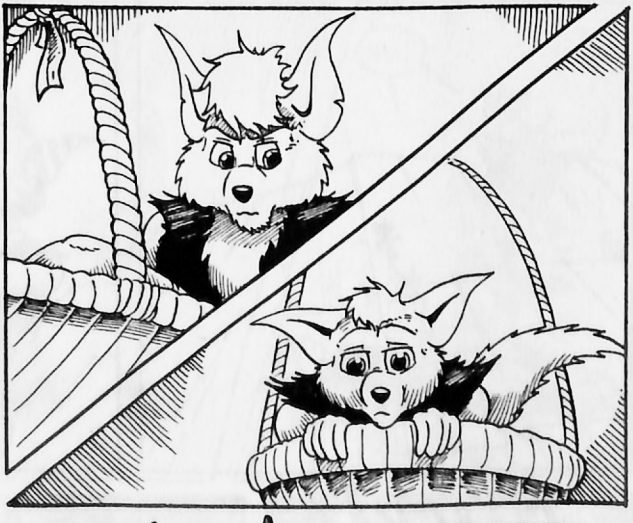
IT LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT ENOUGH, ERIK.

LET'S GET STARTED THEN.

I'LL GO DOWN FIRST. IF IT CAN HOLD ME, IT CAN HOLD ANYONE.

HILL, WE NEED YOU UP HERE. I NEED SOMEONE TO TAKE CHARGE. AND YOU'VE GOT THE BEST CHANCE OF MAKING THE CLIMB.
ALRIGHT. GOOD LUCK.





WELL, THAT'S IT, LORNE. LET'S HEAD DOWN.
NOT FAR TO GO NOW, JUST WATCH YOUR...
CRACK!
Ooof!

AUGH! HILL! GET HOLD OF SOMETHING! MY GRIP'S SLIPPING!
HILL!
NO!
HILL!
HILL! DO YOU HEAR ME?
I... HEAR YOU!
I CAN'T FEEL A THING, ERIK. MY NECK... OR MY BACK....
WE'LL GET YOU DOWN, HILL. DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE GOING TO BE OKAY...
NO,... PUSH ME OVER.
WHAT!? MY GOD, WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? PUSH YOU OVER? HOW CAN YOU---
ERIK, DON'T LEAVE ME LIKE THIS! THERE'S PAIN AND THERE'S NOTHING FOR IT! MY LIFE IS OVER. DON'T LET IT LINGER ON OVER HOURS AND HOURS....

MY GOD, ERIK. I'D DO IT FOR YOU!
FERGIN. HILL. MAYBE A DOZEN OTHERS ALONG THE WAY. MARTYRS. EACH ONE, A BRIDGE TO THIS PLACE.
THERE WILL BE OTHERS. MAYBE ONE OF YOU, BUT NO MORE TO GET US HERE. BECAUSE HERE IS HOME.
The End

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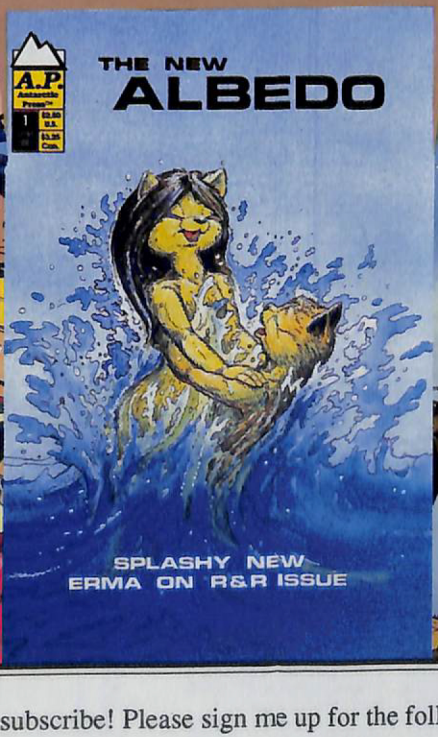

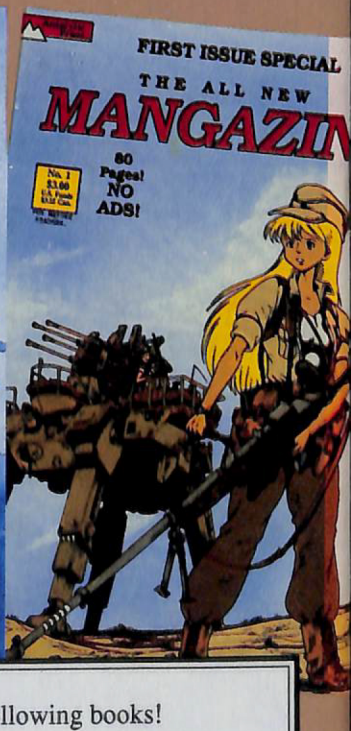

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